

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

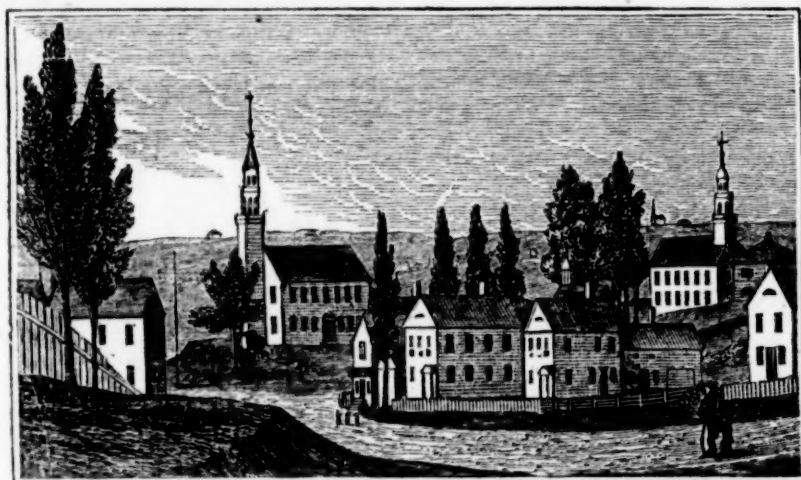
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1841.

NUMBER 16.

East View of the Central Part of Plymouth, Conn.



Plymouth became an independent society in the town of Waterbury, in 1739, by the name of Northbury. At this time Westbury belonged to this society, but was afterwards incorporated as a distinct society, retaining its name. Afterwards both of these societies were incorporated as towns. Northbury was incorporated as a town, by the name of Plymouth, in 1795.

It is bounded north by Harwinton and Litchfield, east by Bristol, west by Watertown, and south by Waterbury and Wolcott. Its average length from north to south is $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles; its breadth nearly 5. The township is quite uneven and hilly; the soil is a gravelly loam, abounding with primitive or granite rocks. The town is watered by the Naugatuck, which passes through its western section from north to south, and is a fine mill stream. The manufacture of clocks is an important branch of business in this town, there being seven clock factories, two of which are very extensive.

The above is a representation of the Congregational and Episcopal churches, in the central part of Plymouth. The village immediately around the churches consists of about 30 dwelling houses, 3 mercantile stores, and a number of mechanic shops, and is on an elevated situation, commanding an extensive prospect to the westward; it is 22 miles from Hartford, and about 31 miles from New Haven. The Episcopal church is seen on the right; above this building in the distance is seen the Congregational church in Northfield, standing on the summit of a high hill, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. The road seen in the engraving is the Hartford turnpike; it passes the Congregational church, and descends for nearly a mile into a deep valley, extending from north to south about one mile and a half: this place is called *Plymouth Hollow*. Here is a flourishing

little village, containing 1 cotton and 3 clock factories. The clock factories belonging to Mr. Terry and Mr. Thomas are extensive. The manufacture of small wooden clocks, it is believed, first originated with Mr. Terry, about twenty years ago; since this period, the manufacture of this kind of clocks has been widely extended, and forms a very important branch of manufactures in this part of the state.

In the south part of this town, near the Naugatuck river, lived Mr. John Sutliff, a respectable miller, who died perhaps 10 or 12 years since. Mr. Sutliff, when a young man, became possessed with the idea, that by digging into the mountain near his house he should be able to find silver, gold, and other precious metals. He expected to find the silver and gold in a state of fusion, so that he could dip it up with a ladle. He commenced digging by the Waterbury road, near the Watertown turnpike. In digging into the mountain, in order to avoid the rocks, stones and other obstructions, his course became very circuitous, and while digging as he supposed into the mountain, he in fact got round under the turnpike road. This was found to be the case in the following manner. Some person traveling on the road, hearing a noise under ground, beneath his feet, conjectured that it must be Sutliff digging. Having obtained assistance, he accordingly dug down and found Mr. Sutliff, who was quite angry in being interrupted in this manner. Although perfectly sane on all other subjects, he continued digging a little almost every day for the greater part of his life, for a period of perhaps 30 or 40 years, till the infirmities of old age compelled him to desist.

Dr. Sylvanus Fansher, a native of this town, and now a resident of Southbury, has devoted nearly forty years of his life to the extension of

the vaccine or *kine pock* inoculation, as a remedy against that scourge of the human race, the small pox. For his discoveries in expediting the *kine pock*, he has recently received a diploma from the "Royal Jennerian Society of London." About the year 1802, when the *kine pock* had become apparently extinct in this country, it was found that a number of persons in Danbury and Goshen had taken the infection of *virus*, from milking cows. Dr. Fansher states, that he took the virus from the pustule on the milk maid's hand, and inoculated an infant with it, and it proved to be the genuine *kine pock*. Dr. F. also states, that he has known several instances where the infection has been taken, without any apparent connection with the cow; and it is his belief, that the infection is taken from some shrub or plant, from which, when discovered, we shall know something of the origin of the small pox, and have a sovereign remedy against it, at hand. Besides Danbury and Goshen, the genuine *kine pock*, or cow-pox, has been found existing in Plymouth, Newtown, Southbury, Oxford, Woodbury, Meriden, Middletown and New Hartford.—*Connecticut Historical Collections*.

SELECT TALES.

From the New England Galaxy.

THE WORDSWORTH FAMILY. A Domestic Tale of New England.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

"I do not hesitate to maintain, that Education must fail so long as we continue to think that children are born alike, and may receive with equal advantage every kind of Education."

"It is a lamentable truth, that few persons stand in the situations for which nature particularly fitted them. This soldier ought to have been a clergyman—that clergyman a soldier; and here we see the shoemaker, who was intended for a poet, and there an advocate who was designed for a shoemaker."

The philanthropist of New-England need not turn to other lands for materials, "to point a moral or adorn a tale." There are customs among his own people which may well engage his attention; some that may even make him weep. The following tale is intended to illustrate the effects of one or two of these pernicious customs. To many the incidents may appear greatly exaggerated; but it must be remembered, that in order to make an abiding impression truth must be presented in its strongest colors.

Reader, imagine yourself in the coach just descending the hill into the village of Wordsworthtown in Massachusetts, in 18—. It is in the month of August, about the hour of sunset, and the scene bursts on you in all its loveliness. There are no splendid edifices—no evidences of superior wealth. Luxurious art has not toiled to

deck the spot with her exotic charms; but all is beautiful in the wildness of untutored nature; save where the presence of man is betokened by the unadorned abode and the well tilled field, with the addition of some slight improvements dictated by genuine taste.

The village is enclosed by ranges of hills covered with wood, or bright with fields of waving grain and green pasturage; and here and there are the homes of the sturdy farmers, peeping forth from the encircling trees. You have now reached the foot of the descent. The road widens and extends before you through the village, broad and level, and only disappearing over the top of the opposite hill. Here on the right, embosomed in the trees of a fine orchard through which its white walls are just visible, is the parsonage. A little rivulet is making its way through the grounds toward you betraying above its course, hidden beneath the green bushes twining above it, by its harmonious ripple.—You cross it by a wooden bridge, and enter the shade of the venerable elms that rise in silent grandeur on both sides of the road, through its whole extent. This old dwelling on the left, is the residence of the grandson of one of the settlers of the village—and with a pardonable reverence for the handiwork of his ancestor, he suffered not the changing finger of improvement to touch it. Beyond it, in the small cottage, lives the unaffected village physician, an honest man—who despite his livelihood, remembers in his evening orisons, to pray for the health of his neighbors. Here is the lawyer, as the sign upon the little office bespeaks. Farther on the right, is plainly the “Boot and Shoe Manufactory;” and after passing the houses of two or three enterprising farmers, you arrive at the meeting house. It is a venerable structure—it tells of days gone by; and the quiet peace of all around it tells too, that the truths of christian love have been well dispensed from its sacred desk to all who dwell within the sound of its echoing bell.

The stage leaves you at the Inn opposite the House of God, kept by the reverend old Deacon. Stroll with me now farther on. We pass by the grocery, the burial-yard, and the homes of the villagers scattered at about equal distances along the street, and begin the ascent which bounds on this side; the truly beautiful vale. But now a new scene bursts upon you. There is the broad roof of a factory among the hills on the left, and you hear the sound of the dashing water, for the wheels are still; and the workmen have gone to their evening meal. You cannot see their cottages, for they are in the nook behind the hill; but here, nearer the road; is a residence more elegant than any other which meets the eye. It is that of Giles Wordsworth, Esq. the owner of the factory, and the man, who from his public spirit and general enterprise, has given name to the village in which he resides. It is with him and his family that our story has to do; therefore I will relate some circumstances of his life, and make some comment on his character.

Giles Wordsworth was the son of a farmer, who looked well to himself, and obtained the good will of the inhabitants of the village, then called Starborough. The old gentleman had received

no education, save what he scraped together by a few months attendance at the district school. This he thought sufficient for all ordinary purposes, and in pursuance of these feelings he gave Giles only the quantity he had himself obtained. When Giles had attained majority, his father died, and he, an only child, entered upon the management of his property. I need not say that he prospered. He was a still man;—said little, and thought more. No one knew how he went on in the world, for he made no confidants among his townspeople. But in time he erected a store, and placed therein an agent. Then he silently purchased some shares in a new cotton factory in a neighboring town, which his penetration told him would yield him increase. By and by he married; and in a few years erected the house he now lives in, and built the large factory behind. This was conclusive proof of his prosperity; but farther than these proofs, no evidence could be obtained.

Giles grew ambitious and proud. He was as affable to his townspeople as ever, and retained his full share of their confidence; but he was making every circumstance work to his own advantage. He had been sent representative for several years, was the great man of the village, and in the House of which he was a member, had extensive influence. He did not talk indeed, but he brought silent wisdom into good account. He was chairman of many important committees, and his reports were listened to with profound attention; and his arguments generally carried conviction with them.

Mr. Wordsworth now saw an opportunity to mount another round on the ladder of honor. The term of the Senator from that county would soon expire. The incumbent, Mr. Marks, was a very popular man, and under ordinary circumstances, would undoubtedly have been re-elected without opposition. But the plan of a new road, which would be of essential benefit to several large towns, but would much injure Mr. Marks, was drafted, and Mr. Wordsworth determined to avail himself of the situation of affairs. He discoursed with many from the country, about the road; remarked upon the general advantages which would accrue; observed, that to him it was of no importance, but he felt interested for others; was sorry it would injure his esteemed friend Mr. Marks, but hoped that gentleman would yield to the wishes of the public; and, finally, by his generous kindness in furthering the business, the route was surveyed, and the commissioners sat to determine upon laying it out.

Mr. Wordsworth knew that even if Mr. Marks did not oppose his will to the desire of others, yet interference would be even then a benefit to him—and if he should, all might be gained. As it proved, Mr. Marks' desire for the public good, went only so far as that good did not clash with his individual interests; but then his private welfare conquered his circumspection, and he opposed the road with all his ability. His influence was great, and many were afraid that in consequence, the road would be lost. Agreeably to the wishes of all, Mr. Wordsworth was engaged to argue the cause for the petitioners, against Mr. Marks. There was great excite-

ment. Mr. Marks made a powerful speech. He brought forward all that could be said against the act, and cunningly arrayed specious arguments to combat truth. Mr. Wordsworth,* in his plain way, remarked in the outset, that he was sorry to oppose Mr. Marks; that nothing but his sense of duty compelled him, and after all he did it with reluctance. But he did oppose him strongly and effectually. The prayer of the petitioners was granted, and the road laid out through Mr. Marks' grounds.

Of course Mr. Marks was regularly nominated at a caucus, as the people's candidate for Senator. But some presses advanced the name of Giles Wordsworth, Esq. as the truest patriot, evinced by the late disinterested attention to the interests of the people—and the name spread like wild-fire. There was, however, a pretty sharp contest at the polls; but Giles Wordsworth gained the day by a clear majority of one hundred and forty votes.

Reader, think you that the Hon. Giles Wordsworth was dishonest in this transaction?—alas! Such, in most instances, is the way of the world! It is hard to draw the line between uprightness and dishonesty in this deceitful life!

At the time at which I have introduced the reader to this gentleman, he had two sons and a daughter; severally aged twenty, sixteen, and ten. Mr. Wordsworth had many years before determined, that his sons should be so educated as to continue the honor of the family. He had unfortunately imbibed ideas of the human mind in common with a majority of people altogether inconsistent with truth. He went, with others, upon the ground, that the mind of every man can embrace one study as well as another. True, it was frequently remarked, then as now, that such a man had no *taste* for this, or a great taste for that; but these vague opinions were brought to no practical account. If a boy was successful in the study of arithmetic, and failed in geography, his advancement in the one, was made an argument against him in regard to the latter; and he was told, that if he did well in arithmetic, nothing but laziness prevented him from doing well in geography, and he was flogged accordingly; and even in our colleges, then and now, were all judged alike, and that student pronounced the best, who might actually be inferior, and the one condemned whose abilities could place him far above all competitors.

Mr. Wordsworth's oldest son, called after himself Giles, had ever a love for mechanical employments. At the age of two years, he would slyly get his father's hammer and nails, and pound them into whatever wood he found to the great detriment of stairs, doors, &c. When four years old, he dissected a set of nice imported tools of curious mechanism, unscrewing the little parts without the least injury.—This seemed to grow upon him, and his books were ever neglected for his tools.

His father tried to repress this passion. He conceived it to be a wild vagary, that deserved the severest reprehension. Day after day was the little fellow punished and sent to his books; and as he grew older he learned to dread the sight of his father. He would rejoice when his

parent was absent—for then he would get out his carts that he had made, and erect his little mill on the rivulet, and study new inventions; and if detected, and sent into the house, he would stand by the window and wonder “why his father would not let him set his mill agoing, when it didn’t hurt any body.”

James was of a contrary disposition. He was still and attentive to his books. His progress was rapid. He took up Latin and Greek more than a year before Giles, and accomplished more in half the time. For this seeming laziness Giles was daily flogged: all his father’s tools and his wagons were taken from him and he was driven to study.

I will not pursue the characters of the two farther, as they will develop themselves in the course of our tale.

It is the night of the — of August, and on the morrow, the boys start for the university. Mr. Wordsworth is seated by the window, and the young men are beside him; and while Giles’ face wears a look of calm discontent, James seems pleased with the prospects of a college life. After a time Mr. Wordsworth speaks:—

“Well, boys, to-morrow I bid you farewell.—Remember, both of you, that a parent is ever anxious for the happiness of his children.—They can enter upon no pursuit which will not deeply interest him, and even the little occurrences of daily life have an importance in his eyes, as connected with them, which a stranger could not appreciate. There is no action, or even word of his children, which a father does not carefully watch, almost unknown to himself, and the slightest deviation from propriety occasions a pang of regret. A parent sees in his children the supporters of his own honor, and his own honesty. He knows that the opinions and the manners of young men are carefully scanned by the world, to see whether those opinions have been properly trained, and those manners cultivated by the parent. Here is then another source of deep interest, added to those of parental affection. Study then my boys to consult the feelings of your parents, not only in important duties, but in what would be called little things. Be in all things not only just, but let justice be assisted by gentlemanly demeanor. Be ever on your guard—ever watchful. Above all, remember that college is not a place for idleness or folly. As you value my peace—study, distinguish yourselves. You can do it—you, yourselves are conscious of it, and more signal therefore will be the shame of failure.”

James replied that he should try to deserve his father’s approbation, and ran at the call of his sister to look at her bees. Giles remained silent by his father, without exhibiting any signs of having been affected by his words; and Mr. Wordsworth, now that they were alone, thus in a stern manner addressed him.

“I fear, Giles that it is your determination to continue in the same course of perversity which has ever marked your conduct. From a child you have been disobedient. It has been with the utmost difficulty that you have been prevailed on to study; your books have been neglected for frivolous pursuits, while your brother has endeavored to gain my approbation by extreme diligence. You seem desirous to thwart all my

wishes—to degrade yourself and your family, to—

“No—no—my father; I assure you, you are and have been deceived. I have never desired to disobey you! I have, although you may disbelieve me, tried to be a dutiful son. Had I indulged in extravagance or idleness, or yielded to bad habits, I should allow the justice of your reproof. But I cannot now. I have only neglected study for the use of tools—and I may say in the same way, that James has neglected tools for study. I do not feel it in my nature to attend to the languages, and never can I bring my mind to bear upon them; and it is with the greatest labor that I have gained sufficient knowledge of the Latin and Greek to enable me to enter college. I can never distinguish myself there, if success depend on these branches. Now if I were allowed to exercise my love of mechanism—”

“What” angrily interrupted Mr. Wordsworth, “you would then disgrace your family” by becoming a very mechanic! Giles, I am ashamed of you! and think you that Mr. Hall would allow you to marry his daughter, if he thought you would become a mechanic?—He, so proud, so rich, and of such standing in society! You speak like a very child, boy!”

“Well sir, as to the disgrace of being a mechanic, if you think it a disgrace, I am not willing to contradict you—But, truly, a good mechanic is preferable to a bad lawyer or physician. Of my abilities I have long desired to give you a proof. Of my mechanical powers I am proud. I must say it, it is the whole pleasure of my existence to indulge them. You were lately sir, absent on your senatorial duties. I confess that during that time I studied little. But I constructed a machine which will do a part of the work in the factory better and in half the time that your present ill contrived machinery will do it. Will you see it, sir?”

Mr. Wordsworth out of curiosity, followed his son. He led the way to a dell among the hills, where was a model of a machine set in operation by a little rivulet. Giles started it, and explained to his father its superior advantages. Mr. Wordsworth saw in a moment the change for the better it would introduce into his mills, and its consequent value and his pleasure was portrayed upon his countenance. Giles took advantage of the favorable symptoms.

“I can do something, sir,” said he proudly.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Wordsworth, “and you have proved by this what you may do in *any* thing, by attention.”

“But this is different from the study of the languages.”

“What! are you about to set up a new theory of mind! Trust me, sir, I fear your discoveries in the philosophy of mind will find few supporters. No—you can do if you will. Go to college, let such employments as these alone. They will do to amuse leisure hours, but no farther. Distinguish yourself in your books.—That is the only true fame for a young man.”

Giles turned away, for he felt sick at heart. It can be easily imagined that a young man of good feelings, and good abilities too, who wished to gain the approbation of his parents, yet found

his own wishes ever thwarted, his hopes frowned on, his plans pronounced criminal, and himself forced to pursue a course contrary to every inclination, would become weary of existence. There is nothing so painful to the mind as the continued cramping of all its aspirations. Disappointments may be endured; but when all energy is chained, despair begins its reign.

Giles walked mournfully down the beautiful street of the village for some distance, then turned into a narrow lane shaded by overhanging trees. The lane curved around the base of the hill, and after pursuing his walk until the village was shut from the sight, he came upon a handsome dwelling, whose tasteful owner had here chosen a retired seat. He had not reached the door ere a bright face that had been watching by the window, smiled on him, and Esther Hall came out to meet him.

“Well,” said she, extending both hands, “so you have come at last. I was afraid something had detained you, Giles; and I should have been sorry not to meet you, as it is for the last time.”

Her voice was slightly tremulous as she spoke the last words. Giles did not answer her, but taking her arm, they walked for some distance in silence. Esther could not but perceive his melancholy, and with anxiety she watched his countenance as they proceeded on. They crossed the village road, and directed their course towards the sweet valleys among the hills. Not a word was spoken until they paused and set down on a grassy bank, beneath an arbor formed of interlaced branches and running vines. It was the spot consecrated to their holy affection, and was endeared to them by all the pleasant recollections of their love. It was the spot where that love was first uttered in words, and strengthened by endeared communion. Giles here released his companion’s arm, and wiping off the slight perspiration which had gathered on his brow, for the evening breeze had not yet risen, he looked out upon the still vale, and said mournfully—

“Well, Esther, to-morrow at sunrise I leave for Cambridge.”

Esther did not immediately answer, but soon smiling through a half gathered tear, she said—

“But vacation will soon come, Giles—”

“Yes Esther, and I will not deceive you by suffering you to ascribe all my melancholy to the sorrow at parting with you. I know your good sense would not be flattered, should I yield to grief at events which must happen; especially when I shall be so near you, and meet you again so soon. But, Esther, it is the circumstances under which I go, which so weigh me down. I have just conversed with my father, and I find that all his hopes are fixed upon our attaining a high rank in college. James may—will succeed; but I shall disappoint him. It is the prospect of the misery I am to endure, and which cannot but be reflected on you, which makes me so sad.”

“Ah, Giles,” answered Esther, “hope, is far better than despair, even although the prospect be most discouraging. It will accomplish more. Despair enervates—hope encourages. If my advice is worth aught to you, go with a light heart; do as well as you can, and then—”

“But my father will not allow that I do as well as I am able. I may attain a respectable

mediocrity—but mediocrity with him is as unworthy as failure. The family have joined in his feelings—even little Ellen says I am lazy. Your father too, Esther—what will so proud a man—for he is proud—what will he say to my ill success?"

"Must you of course have ill success, Giles?"

"I fear so. They tell me that rank in college is taken in the lump;—that there is no distinction of branches, and that the Languages materially influence the result. There is therefore but little hope. All will scorn me. I shall be set down for a blockhead—and that, more than all, would drive me to despair, for I am conscious of abilities that I may with reason be proud of. My father and family will treat me with coldness, and your father will join them. All will despise me!"

"Not all, Giles. There is one who will then love you Giles, as she loves you now! There is one who will feel that you are worthy, and if her smile can cheer you, you shall not despair! I will not leave you, Giles—and there is One other, whose frown you should fear more than the frown of men; whose approbation should sustain you under every reversion. Trust in Him, Giles, and you cannot despair!"

Giles bent his head at Esther's solemn rebuke, and after conversation, which to them was very dear, but which would sound light to other ears, they turned homeward. Their walk back was almost as silent as their coming, and when they had nearly reached Esther's abode, and Giles hesitatingly paused to bid her farewell, he saw the tears glistening in her eyes, and for a moment she leaned on his shoulder and wept; then she wiped away the symbols of her grief, and taking a small book from her bosom, she placed it in his hand.

"Giles," said she, "I would give you some little remembrance of me, and I have chosen this. It is the Testament, the word of God! You know that we have both learned somewhat to love him, and I hope we shall never forget him. You are going, Giles, to join a body of young men, where mirth must ever reign, and may sometimes take an unholy covering. O do not, for my sake, suffer yourself to be led to temptation! As long as you resist the first encroachments of the subtle enemy, you are safe; let him once whisper in your ear, and he will soon become master of your heart. Never, Giles, I pray you, be led to swear! I can conceive of nothing which would sooner destroy all reverence for a Supreme Being, than the habitual taking of his name in vain—and when we respect not the Lawgiver, we can have little persuasion to obey his laws. You may wonder, Giles, that I should speak thus; but it is the best proof of my sincere love. Read this, Giles. Good bye!—Do not be cast down by imagined evils. Remember what I have said—hope is far better than despair! But I must not talk longer—farewell!"

Giles pressed her hand, and turned homeward, unable to speak. But if at that period of unhappiness, aught alleviated his pain, it was the consciousness that one so pure, so hallowed—was his own!

The reader has seen the cast of Esther's mind; it may interest him to know something of her person. She was just eighteen, and therefore in

the bloom of womanhood. She was of a rather petit figure, yet finely proportioned. Her hair was dark—her forehead full and high. She was not handsome, unless the calm placidity of the repose of her countenance, and her benevolent, chastened smile, would make her so. But she was better than handsome—she was *good*; and therefore beloved by all. Old and young loved her—good and bad loved her. Her sweetness and purity won all hearts.

Reader, think not that Esther's religion made her unwarrantably sedate and retired. No:—She could join in the frolic with the gayest. Think not that she frowned on the sports of youth.—No. Her religion told her that joy and pleasure are necessary to the equilibrium of the mind; and she was as blithe as any in the dance. Think not that she obtruded her opinions on her associates. She labored to do good by the influence of a spotless example.

And all were glad when Giles was declared her lover;—for Giles was the foundation of all jollity in Wordsworthtown. He could make the sternest laugh. He was naturally the most merry hearted fellow in the world. More than that, his mechanical powers, his judgment, and his general talents, were useful to his townspeople. He was often, although so young, applied to for advice by those far older than himself; and while he was loved for his good feelings, he was respected for his good sense.

The next morning, Giles and James were off at sunrise. The last words Mr. Wordsworth said to them, was, "You must be the first two in your class."

"Squire Wordsworth," said Ben Jones, an old villager, who thought very well of himself and his opinions, to Mr. W. as he rode by the meeting house on the afternoon of that day—"Squire, I've heard that you'd like to sell that 'ere black colt o' yours, and I'd like jest to enquire the price. What do you pretend to ask for that critter?"

"I've concluded not to sell her, Mr. Jones."

"Oh, have you? Well speaking o' that colt—I want to know, Squire, if you're goin to send them boys o' yours to college?"

"They started this morning, Sir."

"Oh, did they! Well, I was goin to say, Squire, that I cal'late the youngest on 'em 'll do tarnation well there; but I kinder suspect that Giles had better a' staid to home. I don't know much about them 'ere colleges, but I've a kind of an idee that they won't larn such a chap as Giles nothin on'y to think himself a leetle bigger than other folks.—That's on'y my notion about the thing! Giles won't make no great of a lawyer, nor a doctor, nor a minister; and that's putty much all they larn to be to college. But if he'd a set up a machine shop, he'd make a mazin' sight o' money afore ten years, or I lose my guess! I ask your pardon, Squire, for speaking in so kinder plain, but that 'ere's my notion, and you know its best for to say right out.—Giles didn't seem to me to take after that Latin stuff and such kind o' lingo, and I don't see, Squire, what use there is o' drivin a feller where he don't take a likin to go. Howsomer, that's on'y my notion!"

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you, Mr.

Jones for your opinion, and I shall give it weighty consideration. Good afternoon, Sir."

Good afternoon, Squire. I spects you'll find me right about this 'ere. Howsomer, different folks has different idces 'bout things, and like as not it 'll turn out on'y my notion, but I gen'nally, Squire, guess putty right."

* * * * *

It is not necessary for the progress of our tale, to follow the brothers minutely through their college course. Suffice it to say that Giles' fears were more than verified. His feelings can, however, be better understood by the perusal of a letter which he wrote to Esther in his Junior year.

DEAR ESTHER—I have refrained from declaring my opinion of the advantages of College life, until I should have fairly tested them. To all your enquiries, you will remember that I have returned only vague replies. You have told me that I have looked sad and unwell. Never, Esther have I passed so many unhappy hours, as since I have been a student. You know that I have entered with a foreboding of disappointment, and my fears have been realized. There is much of evil mingled with the good obtained at college. The system of education is a wrong one—a dangerously wrong one! All minds, let their tendencies be what they may, are confined to a certain set of studies, and all are judged of alike. Emulation is the key-stone of College improvement; and some proud, golden minds, are chained and dragged under foot by this deadly system. I have seen some of my classmates, who felt that their parents looked to their success with absorbing interest, delve in studies which they hated, because to them they were confined: and night after night, have they closed themselves in their rooms and labored, until the sweat has stood on their brows: and in despair at want of success, in studies that their Maker never meant they should be successful in, they have cursed all study, and given themselves up to ignoble sloth—have been ruined forever!

All prizes and honors are bestowed for general superiority; therefore a young man, who may be inferior in a majority of his studies, although he may be complete master of others, is disgraced, and set down as a blockhead; obtaining no credit, where he is entitled to high honor.

And emulation throws a fire-brand among classmates. In the language of one who has fallen a little below two or three others, although I know him to be a young man of superior abilities—"It has kindled a very *Hell* among us!"—James, you know, Esther, is an excellent linguist. He has worked hard and successfully on the languages, for he loves them, and as they are the main branches during the two first years, he is one of the first in his class. But his elevation will become a plague spot to him. To obtain it he has been compelled to sacrifice the good feelings of his competitors, and by two or three is *hated* with dreadful bitterness. That hate may follow him to his grave!

I, Esther, have toiled on the languages, until my head has ached, and my heart grown sick. It has been labor worse than thrown away. I could not master them, and I am called negligent!—I negligent! O, knew you the pain I

have endured! In mathematics I have done far better, for I understand them and could study them with pleasure; but not being able to recite with a flow of words—for all knowledge is judged of by a simple recitation from the book, I have obtained no proper share of credit, and those who have good memories, who never spent more than ten minutes on a lesson, have gone above me, and have laughed at me for my failure, after so hard study!

In the words of one of our distinguished professors—"More minds are crushed than made by education!" How easily might the system be altered! Heaven grant, for the sake of those who come after me, that it may be!

I am not high in my class! What will my father say! I am miserable when I think of it!

I have understood, Esther, that unfortunate speculations have considerably involved your father. I hope, for his sake that he may not suffer much. It will be vacation soon and I will then speak at large. Till then with changeless love,
Ever yours—Farewell."

During Giles' Senior year, Mr. Wordsworth resigned his office as Senator, and removed to Boston. His wealth had greatly increased, and he opened a large store for the sale of the goods manufactured at his factory. He mingled in the first society of the metropolis, and became more and more anxious that his sons should graduate with high honor. James, he doubted not would answer his wishes, but he feared for Giles, and set him down as incorrigibly preverse. Commencement approached, and the parts were distributed. James obtained the first; but it was certain that two, who had striven hard for it, became, from this moment, implacable enemies. They accused him of having succeeded by petty arts: and slandered him in every possible way: and he being a young man of strong passions, returned them hate for hate.

Giles received the lowest part, and his father's mortification was extreme. He told him, that unless he altered his course, he should cast him off forever—that he was no longer obliged by law to afford him any assistance, and that if he persisted in his plans to disgrace him, he would be no more a father to him. Poor Giles had reasoned with Esther upon the probability of such a result, and fortified by her excellent counsels, and the assurance of her continued love, he restrained all passion, and bore the weight of his father's reproaches without a murmur. His Commencement part was a strong, argumentative composition, exhibiting most excellent judgment, and being well delivered, excited great interest; and it was said—"What! isn't he a low scholar, and can he write and reason so well?" His success somewhat softened his father, and he treated him more kindly; but another blow was soon to be given to his feelings.

It is an unfortunate opinion among most people in New England, that a young man who has received a Collegiate education, would be degraded by adopting a *trade* as his business for life, or even becoming a merchant or farmer. It cannot be wondered at, with this very erroneous impression, that the professions are crowded. There are as many ministers needed now as there ever were, and as many physicians and

lawyers. But about half our young men who adopt the professions, have no business to adopt them. Nature has so shaped minds in their tendencies, that a proper equilibrium might be sustained in society, if mankind obeyed the laws of his constitution. But as long as all our college educated young men rush in a false pride, into the professions, becoming interlopers, so long must half of them expect to starve.

Mr. Wordsworth was actuated by these views to their fullest extent. He dreaded nothing more, than that Giles should become a mechanic; and after James had declared his intention to become a lawyer, he summoned Giles to his study, and told him that he must join his brother in the study of the law. Giles felt that this was an important crisis. He feared to offend his father, yet he could not tamely yield to views, which militated against every power of his mind. He resolved to gain if possible his parent's sympathy, and he said—

"If sir you will listen to me a few moments, I will try to convince you that the attention I have paid to my own feelings, has not been so culpable as you imagine. You have often accused me of unfilial conduct. I assure you, sir, that I have ever desired to please you, and never have I been so pained, as when you have pronounced me disobedient! I am innocent, sir!—would I could make you believe it!

"You know, sir, that from my earliest boyhood, I liked to use your tools, and that I never liked my preparatory studies. Now sir, could this have been the result of a wish to pain you, in one so young? Those feelings have never left me. I could not master the languages. I have no mind for it. I studied hard in College—you smile, sir, but it is true—and you know that I never told you a lie. Now, sir, could I be allowed to follow the bent of my inclination, I know I should succeed; but I should be but a poor lawyer at best, and—"

"So, so!" exclaimed Mr. Wordsworth, unable to restrain himself longer—"you are resolved to end the farce you have been playing! You probably suppose that you have the game in your own hands, and will have the last throw. We will see—we will see, sir! You have never studied!—you have never desired to do your duty! Follow the bent of your inclination!—ha—ha!—follow it—and we part forever! A mechanic!—my son, a worker in wood! And more sir! I know that Mr. Hall is ruined! I know it, for I have had dealings with him. His downfall will make him prouder than before. Think you he will submit to the disgrace of seeing his daughter the wife of a mechanic!"

"Disgrace, sir," interrupted Giles in a firm voice, although pale with emotion—"disgrace! I thought in this land, *honesty* conferred honor! I feel assured that every man is honorable, be his situation what it may, if he does his duty. You will find sir, that *industry* has made our greatest men honored and wealthy. Untiring industry is an American's title to respect—his only true nobility! Disgrace, sir!"

Mr. Wordsworth was, for a moment awed by his son's proud reply; but soon recovering himself, he repeated his former denunciations with even greater violence: "Choose," said he, strik-

ing his hand violently on the table, "Choose now—for if you oppose me, by—"

"Stop, stop, sir"—interrupted Giles, preventing the oath: "I yield—I will study the law!"

Giles' acquiescence was the effect of despair. He left his father, and wandered about the streets perfectly miserable. Cut off from the objects of his desires, and condemned to pursue studies which he disliked, he saw nothing before him but a life of anguish, unrelieved by one ray of joy. Night came on—yet he was still abroad—nor was it until near midnight, that he stole to his chamber. Then he penned a letter to Esther relating the interview, and the hopelessness of his feelings; and relieved by this outpouring of his wounded spirit, he resigned himself to sleep.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE CAMP STOOL.

He who steps aside from the beaten path and seeks distinction above his fellows, must not be surprised if he becomes the butt of envy and of ridicule. Even if his deviation from the common track is one sanctioned by the best motives and tending to the most laudable objects, he will scarcely escape the malignity of the one or the sarcasm of the other. But if his efforts for distinction arise from vanity and folly, while he experiences all the inconveniences of a more noble ambition, he will fail to enlist in his behalf those generous sympathies which would have attended his course, if his aim had been higher. The truth of this sentiment was impressed upon my mind at a very early age, and if it has sometimes prevented me from taking a prominent position which I might have advantageously occupied, it has much oftener saved me from others where I could not have failed of appearing ridiculous. This salutary lesson was taught me from the following circumstance—

Did you ever see, reader, a camp stool? In case you have not, I will describe one. It consists of three sticks of wood about the size of the leg of a chair and half as long again. These three sticks are united in the middle by a piece of iron that operates as a swivel, so that the sticks can be turned about at that point. The top of the sticks is kept from spreading beyond a certain distance by broad strips of canvass or cloth nailed thereto. This forms the seat of the stool, the other half from the center downwards constitutes the legs, so that when the stool is used, it is a three legged stool, in shape like an hour glass. When it is desirable to reduce it to a portable shape, the three parts are brought close together and secured with a string. The etymology of the word is easily explained. Its original and primary object was for the accommodation of officers when in camp—hence the name camp-stool. It formed the most portable kind of chair and was easily stowed away when the army was on its march. Its convenience soon recommended it to other professional characters, and the tourist, the pedestrian, and the landscape painter have all benefitted by the invention. Such is a description and such are the uses of the camp stool. That it should have served the

purpose of giving me a lesson in ethics may appear strange, but so it was, as the event will shew.

I must now carry the reader back to days long since gone by and introduce him to—my grandmother. I was very fortunate when I was a little boy in having a grandmother; if I had had no grandmother I should not have been a grandchild, and if I had not been a grandchild, I should have lost many of those indulgences and other good things which grandmothers so lovingly bestow. Now my grandmother was no common grandmother, and certainly she was blest in me with an uncommon grandchild; but whether my departure from the common run of children was very meritorious, the sequel will more clearly develop. My grandmother was a great walker, a disposition which seemed to *run* in the family, so the reader must not wonder, if as a worthy descendant from that stock, I should now and then wander from my subject. The residence of my father was four miles from the town of Southampton, Hampshire, England, and my venerable grandmother when nearly eighty years of age, would sometimes undertake this walk. There were two roads which led to this town, the main road which was a turnpike, and a pathway for foot passengers, by the side of a deserted canal. This latter road was exceedingly beautiful, the sides sloping down to the canal were covered with rich blossoming furze and the equally gay flowering broom, and there were wild flowers in abundance. On the other side of the tow-path, now covered with clover, except where the footsteps of the passenger trod, was the picturesque river Test, whose navigation terminated almost at the door of my father's residence. How the genius of improvement could have been so short-sighted as to carry this canal four miles along side of a navigable river and then stop, while the other extremity of the four miles was the great deposit for coal, which this canal was constructed for, to carry into the interior, must be left to those who understand better than myself such speculations. This blunder gave rise to the following poetical witticism:

"Southampton's wise sons found the river so large,
Though 'twould carry a ship, 'twould not carry a barge,
So wisely determined to cut by its side,
A muddy canal where a slow boat might glide.
Like the man who had made two holes in his wall,
First one for the big cat, then one for the small,
He makes a large hole for old puss to go through
And then makes a small one for little kit too."

When I went to town alone, I always took the path by the canal, for I was from a very early age a great admirer of nature, and found in the margin of the river and the flowery banks, charms far more attractive than the road could furnish. This preference obtained for me among my comrades, the name of hermit. Their taste led them where they could see horses and carriages, and company, and be ready for any adventure that might turn up.

Now my good old grandmother, like myself, preferred the quiet, pleasant path alongside of the canal, but it was attended with this difficulty—there was no stopping place, whereas by taking the road she could step in at any of the cottager's houses and rest from her fatigue. To surmount this difficulty it was suggested that a camp stool

should be procured. By this accommodating contrivance the old lady could rest when and where she pleased. Before the purchase, however, was made, it was thought best to try the experiment, and a neighbor possessing an article of the kind, it was borrowed for the purpose. Now, though my grandmother with "trembling steps and slow" could accomplish a considerable distance by taking her own time, she was still infirm and rickety, and the very first trial she made to seat herself in this new accommodation, the old lady capsized. She did not understand the management of the machine nor the art of balancing, but being very tired and fancying the camp stool to be her old easy chair, she plumped down upon it with a backward inclination. The result is obvious, up went the stool and down went my grandmother. The stool was returned whence it came and no further trial was ever made. The good woman sustained no injury, and kept the price of a stool in her pocket.

This camp stool had taken my fancy and I much desired the possession of such an article. Because my grandmother had not dexterity enough to manage it, that was no reason that I could not succeed. It is no uncommon thing for a child to think himself wiser than his granny. I fancied the pleasure I should feel when walking out with my companions, and a place for rest having been selected, I should all at once unfold my stool like an umbrella and sit myself down in the midst of them, at once the object of their admiration and envy. These "visions of happiness danced o'er my mind" till the possession of this article was identified with my peace. The next thing was to ascertain the cost of this piece of traveling furniture, and I took occasion on my next visit to the city to make it the subject of especial inquiry. The result was by no means flattering to my hopes. After visiting all the fancy stores and toy shops, the lowest priced article was six shillings, equivalent to a dollar and a quarter of the currency of these States. As the extent of my allowance for pocket money was only six pence per week, and as the blessings of the credit system had not dawned upon the world, I must endure a privation of that which had become necessary for my happiness for twelve weeks, and for that protracted period I must deny myself apples, candies, gingerbread and such juvenile luxuries. This to be sure was a great sacrifice, but it was nothing in view of the object of my desires. Whether I waited for the whole twelve weeks I cannot now remember, but I rather think not, for I converted into money my tops and kite and marbles and all such little fancy articles as found a ready market among my school-fellows. At last the sum requisite was found in my treasury, and with a light step and bright anticipations, on Saturday afternoon, being a holiday, I made my way to town and possessed myself of my prize.

I do not know how it is, but my newly acquired friend did not appear so amiable in possession as it had in prospect, and on my way home I felt some misgivings as to the propriety or at all events the wisdom of my purchase. I had not got more than a mile from town, when I fancied that I was tired, a thing that had never happened before, for I never before had an object in being

tired, so I undid my camp stool and sat myself down. I must confess that I felt a momentary gratification at my new position, and thought that it conferred on me no little consequence. There were some ladies and gentlemen walking along the path and approaching me, and I observed that they looked earnestly at me. This increased my fancied importance, till one of the ladies observed loud enough for me to hear, "poor child, I suppose he is sick, to require a camp stool, he looks like a puny little creature." This was a terrible blow to my vanity, and I packed up my stool in no very agreeable humor and trudged homewards. And now I began to think what kind of reception I should meet from my parents and school-fellows. The anticipation was far from consoling, and I do not know but I should have sent the stool into the river or canal, if one of my comrades in his afternoon walks had not chanced to espy me with my burden under my arm. His first inquiry was, what I had got, his second how much I had paid for it, and his third what use it was to me. When I had satisfied him on these points with the best grace I could, he burst into a loud gaffaw and called me a booby, a title which my conscience told me I richly deserved, but to which my pride however mortified would not assent. On my arrival home I was questioned as to my afternoon's employment, and again the camp stool was brought up in judgment. My parents smiled and thought that I had better lay it aside, till I was as old as—my grandmother. But the bitterest portion was from my school-fellows. The first walk we took, I was coaxed to carry along my ill-fated camp stool. When we came to a resting place my comrades threw themselves down upon the grass in all the luxury of careless repose, while I alone was stuck up on the detestable stool, the object of their jeers, raillery and mirth. One thought I ought to have bought a cushion for the seat, and another that I should now get a footstool to keep my feet from the damp ground. No sinner on the stool of repentance and lectured in the presence of a whole congregation by the Dominic ever suffered more. It was my first and last appearance in that character. The very next day I converted the list of the seat into braces for my pantaloons, and the legs for wicket stakes for the game of cricket, while I formed the wise resolution never to attempt a departure from established usage, unless there was some better reason than a weak vanity or a foolish love of distinction.

C. F. L. F.

BIOGRAPHY.

FRANCIS LEWIS.

FRANCIS LEWIS, one of the New York delegation in Congress when the declaration of independence was made, was born in Wales, in 1723. He was partly educated in Scotland, and then sent to Westminster, where he became a good classical scholar. In London he became an apprentice to a merchant, with whom he continued until he was of age. He then left England for America with handsome prospects, and set up business in New-York. He was agent for the British colonies in 1756, and was taken prisoner and carried to France, from which country, on his exchange,

he returned to New-York. He was a lover of liberty, and stood foremost among the sons of freedom. In 1775, he was sent a delegate from the provincial congress of New-York, to the continental congress, and was there when the declaration of independence was made. He continued in that body for several years afterwards, and rendered great service as a commercial man. He suffered much for his patriotism, the British having destroyed his property on Long Island. He had, however, the satisfaction of seeing the country prosperous, though he was not. He died on the 30th of December, 1813, in the ninetieth year of his age.

MISCELLANY.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

At a time when Raleigh was floating gaily on the current of royal favor, a circumstance occurred which suddenly stopped his progress, and carried him from the court to the tower. He chose to marry one of Elizabeth's maids of honor; and this, too, without asking the consent of the "virgin queen." Raleigh was deprived of the offices which gave him access to the person of royalty, and together with his wife, committed to the tower. The courtier; however, knew the passage to the heart of the sovereign; and he forthwith set himself to work to thread its windings. To appease her indignation, no means could succeed better than flattery; and Raleigh used this in its most contemptible form. "No knight of romance," says the Edinburgh Review, "banished from the presence of the goddess of his vows, ever surpassed the fantastic tricks which he now exhibited, or the fulsome rhapsodies which he indited." He represented himself, among other things, as being in the depths of misery "from being deprived of the delight of seeing her," "her that he had been wont to behold riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus—the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her fair cheeks, like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess—sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus!" It must be admitted that this is no boy's play, at the flattery business; the "lady of ladies," as Raleigh elsewhere called Elizabeth, soon relented, and restored the sorrowing knight to his liberty. Cobbett, in his history of the Reformation in England and Ireland, calls "good queen Bess," a "nasty, shameless old woman!"

MARY.

I REMEMBER when a school boy creeping down stairs one night after my companions were asleep, to spend an hour with my master's daughter, in a private setting room. Before I had been with her ten minutes, her mother's footsteps were heard so suddenly in the passage, that it was impossible for me to retire without being discovered in my exit. The door by which I entered lay too far for me to hope that I could reach it before the lady would open that which stood opposite. A discovery would have been terrible to both of us, notwithstanding our

entire innocence of heart and purpose. What was to be done?

Mary placed her finger on her lip, looked towards the door, when as her mother opened it, apparently by accident, she snuffed out the candle! The act was so delicately timed, that the old woman saw her using the snuffers, but Mary so hemmed in the light with their hollow part, that her mother never detected my trembling person, couched as I was, behind my young lover's chair. During the bustle attendant on the illumination of the candle by a miraculous dull fire, I crawled towards the door and escaped. "What's that?" asked old Mrs. T. "what's that galloping across the floor?"

"Peter's Mastiff puppy I suppose; the brute is always here," coolly replied the lass.

Mary! thou blue eyed love of boyhood, where art thou? Many a time have you and I mingled our tears, until the tresses that wantoned on thy peachy cheek were damp as the vine tendrils, "Wet wif' blots o' dew,"

because we were too young to be married.

We swore at Christmas to be constant and patient until midsummer, and then defy fate and run away. But it was our doom never to behold each other again. Perhaps I see thee, dark eyed girl; and thou seest me, but time has made such unmerciful havoe with our looks, that thou dost neither recognize me, nor I thee. Well, well, my girl, we had our happy hours—poor fools as we were.

Perhaps, little Mary is at this very moment laughing at the remembrance of her pretty trick with the snuffers, and wondering what has become of me.

CONFIDENT RELIANCE.

A CANDLE snuffer of a theatre came on the board to trim the lights just as Garrick was drawing down thunders of applause in King Lear. The snuffer took the compliment to himself, laid his hand upon his heart, and bowed to the audience in a most bewitching manner. The late English papers tell a similar story of lord Palmerston. Passing, the other day, through a village where a crowd of rustics were huzzaing to the feats of a mountebank, his lordship rose up in his open carriage and assured them that he should endeavor to merit a continuance of their good opinion by persevering in the same course of foreign policy which had met with such a warm testimony of their approbation.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

LORENZO Dow one day furnished a remarkable proof of the power of imagination over the human mind. He was going to an appointment in the Ohio woods, and met a farmer whom he invited to accompany him—the latter declined. He was seeking his axe which some one had stolen—"Come along and I'll find it for you." The farmer consented, and as they approached the chapel, Lorenzo picked up a large stone and put it into his pocket. In the meeting-house he took up the subject of stealing, and eyeing the audience carefully, saw a man whom he suspected from his looks and manner to be the thief. He immediately stated the case of the axe,

declared he could point out the thief, and taking the stone out of his pocket threatened to throw it at him, suiting at the same time the action to the word. The suspected person instantly dodged, and Lorenzo, turning to the farmer, said, "There is the man who has your axe." It was so.—*Advocate.*

LEGAL OPINION.

A COUNSELLOR, after he had retired from practice, being one day where the uncertainty of the law became the topic of conversation, was applied to for his opinion, upon which he laconically observed, "If any man were to claim the coat on my back, and threaten my refusal with a lawsuit, he should certainly have it, lest in defending my coat, I should too late find myself deprived of my waistcoat also."

A FAIR BUSINESS.—A country editor in speaking of a steamboat, says: "She had 12 berths in her ladies' cabin." "Oh life on me!" exclaimed an old lady, after reading the above, "what a squalling there must have been."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

A. W. R. Windham Center, N. Y. \$1.00; N. B. J. Furnace Village, Ct. \$1.00; A. T. Dalton, Ms. \$1.00; T. A. F. Morley, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Barton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Hawley, Ms. \$1.00; W. H. Ancram Lead Mines, N. Y. \$1.00; C. L. Tonawanda, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Clermont, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. S. Whitehall, N. Y. \$1.00; G. H. Cape Vincent, N. Y. \$1.00; W. W. E. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; M. S. B. Elkhorn, W. T. \$1.00; J. A. F. Plymouth, Vt. \$1.00; J. H. Haydenville, Ms. \$5.00; A. V. B. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Hall's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Virgil, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; R. H. Montpelier, Vt. \$1.00; T. L. H. Kingston, N. Y. \$1.00; S. C. New Haven, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. P. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; P. C. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Westerlo, N. Y. \$2.00; C. M. Naples, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. McDonough, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Le Roy, N. Y. \$2.00; L. B. Levanna, N. Y. \$2.00; C. D. S. Fort Ann, N. Y. \$1.00; M. D. Hinsdale, Ms. \$1.00; A. A. Lockport, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. East Plainfield, N. H. \$1.00; C. C. H. West Bloomfield, N. Y. \$6.00.

Notice to Subscribers.

POST MASTERS are authorized by the Post Master General, to send money for any person in a letter to pay the subscription for a paper, free of expense.

Married.

At Mellenville, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Channcey Jaquins to Miss Catharine Winegar, both of Hudson.

In Chatham, on New-Year's Eve, by the Rev. Mr. Pease, Mr. Chester Carpenter, of Albany, to Hannah Gifford, daughter of G. M. Rowe, Esq. of the former place.

At Mobile, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. S. S. Lewis, Mr. J. McDowell Ross to Miss Prudence Ann Frary, daughter of the late Jonathan Frary, of this city.

At Livingston, on the 6th inst. by his Honor the Mayor of Hudson, Mr. Amos C. Morcy, of New Lebanon, to Miss Hannah, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Browning, of the former place.

At Mellenville, on New Year's Eve, by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Henry Cole to Miss Hannah E. Clapper, both of Claverack.

Died.

In this city, on the 6th inst. George E. son of Mr. Edward Allen, in his 1st year.

At Palatine Bridge, on the 18th ult. at the residence of her son-in-law, John Fry, Esq. Mrs. Phebe Ludlow, widow of the late David Ludlow, of Kinderhook, in her 77th year.

In Stuyvesant, on the 10th inst. at the residence of the Rev. Andrew N. Kittle, Mr. Robert Gosman, aged 86 years.

In Richmond, Mass. on the 30th ult. after a protracted and severe illness, Mr. Linus Hall, aged 62 years.

At Factory Point, Vt. on the 14th ult. Edwin A. son of Enos B. and Abigail L. Eammons, aged 2 years, 1 month and 20 days.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

How short and hasty is our life,
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their days.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO LUNA.

OF while youth's gay meteor burned,
And fancy lent her magic spell,
To thy bright face mine eyes were turned,
And blest the beam they loved so well.

And still though disappointed hope
And deep regret, my bosom tear,
Oh still I love thy pensive ray
Soft beaming through the midnight air.

For midst thy pale and shadowy light,
What dear remembrances arise;
What forms, for earth too angel bright,
Float on my rapt, yet aching eyes.

Foremost an infant cherub stands,
Soft bending from a silvery cloud,
Whose light folds wrap the vision round,
And half its heavenly radiance shroud:

Yes! 'tis herself! I know it well—
That eye of blue—that face so fair,
Those lips from whence in music clear
The dear loved name of mother fell.

Ah! let me fold thee to my heart!
That heart which still thy absence mourns,
Alas! I clasp the impressive air;
The fatal dying scene returns.

How precious was the angel smile,
That on her lip a moment dwelt;
How dear the pressure of those arms
Which, twining round my neck, I felt.

Did then my poor deluded heart,
Dream, that before thy setting ray,
That smile should stiffen into death,
Those twining arms be lifeless clay!

Let me not think—be memory dead;
I'll not remember aught that's o'er;
Shade of my child—when life is fled
Shall we not meet to part no more.

Hudson, Jan. 8, 1841. ELLEN.

For the Rural Repository.

I LOVE MY FRIENDS.

BY T. C. WORDEN.

I LOVE my friends—I know their worth
In sunshine and in storm,
I know how *chill*, how *drear* is earth
Without their friendship, warm.

I love my friends—for oft with care
They scatter o'er life's way
Unfading roses fresh and fair
"To cheer life's toilsome day."

I love my friends—they cheer my breast
When life's dark thunders roll,
And calmly hush to silent rest
The tempests of the soul.

I love with cherished friends to rove
Along the winding stream,
Or in the verdant leafy grove
Where flowers in beauty blow.

I love with friends to walk in vales
Where zephyrs gently blow,

And hear the calm and peaceful gales
Breathe music soft and low.

I love with friends to climb the mount,
And on its lofty brow
Look calmly in love's crystal fount
Or at her altars bow.

TO LUCRETIA.

BY THE LATE WM. S. HOLDEN.

If every wish of mine might gain,
Its object of desire:
Earth should afford thee naught but bliss,
And life should never tire;
And love, a flowing wreath should twine,
To place upon that brow of thine,
And friendship too, its gifts should bring
Its sweetest charms around thee fling;
And fate should weave a gentle doom,
And youth should wear its fairest bloom.

These, lady, these, should all be thine,
Fit offerings for so fair a shrine,
Long, long be thine a flowery path,
And thine a sunny sky;
May never tears of sorrow dim
The lustre of thine eye.
Let this, when ere it meets your gaze,
Claim but a passing thought
For one who wishes thee and thine,
A bright and happy lot.

Middlesex, Vt. May 12, 1834.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

I HAD a gem, a beauteous flower,
Fresh as the morn or lily white,
Like eglantine in yonder bower
It bloomed awhile a pleasant sight.

I oft embraced the tender rose,
Bright as the morn that saw it rise;
I viewed its pearls, its blooming hues,
Its rounded limbs, its sparkling eyes.

O tender plant, O sweetest Boy,
My son thou wert as fair as noon,
My heart ne'er thought this pleasing joy,
Would wither, fade and die so soon.

The sun had beamed one ray of light
Upon his tender infant head,
When Death appeared—O dreadful sight
And laid my lovely infant dead.

Thus faded my gem, my beauteous rose—
My darling joy—my first born son;
In yonder yard in dull repose,
He sleeps—in silence sleeps alone.

O Child, oh Son, my tears yet flow,
My thoughts yet reach thy sleeping dust;
No more to kiss, no more to know,
Until thy little grave shall burst.

Then dear departed we shall meet,
Before our God we must appear;
O may we find a heavenly seat
Where bliss shall dry a Mother's tear.

Why should I mourn, why thus repine,
One blossom yet is blooming here;
My little George my tender vine,
O stay, oh stay my falling tear.

Ye mothers come and dry your tears,
To Christ's dear arms the loved have flown;
Then banish far your guilty fears,
Commit your cause to him alone.

KISSING.

THERE'S something in a kiss,
Though I cannot reveal it,
Which never comes amiss—
Not even when we steal it.

We cannot taste a kiss,
And sure we cannot view it,
But is there not a bliss
Communicated through it?

I am well convinced there is
A certain something in it—
For though a simple kiss,
We wisely strive to win it.

Yes, there's something in a kiss—
If nothing else would prove it,
It might be proved alone by this—
All honest people love it.

ENIGMA.

GUESS, gentle ladies, if you can,
A thing that's wondrous common;
What almost every well-bred man
Presents to every woman.

A thing with which you've often played,
Betwixt your thumb and finger,
Though if too frequent use be made
'Twill spoil you for a singer.

It's what weak dames and old abuse,
And often spoils the stronger;
In short, 'tis what rhetoric lovers use
When they can talk no longer.

It is a pill or potion now,
Just as you please to take it;
Raises your spirits when they're low,
And tickles when you take it.

THE ANSWER—BY THE LADIES.

To guess your riddle, gentle sir,
Four dames in counsel sat;
So various their opinions were,
That great was their debate.

One said 'twas music played with skill,
That caused all this emotion;
A second said it was a pill,
A third it was a potion;

The fourth was quite amazed to hear
The ladies, talk such stuff,
Told them the case was very clear,
And took a pinch of snuff.

PRINTING.

CONSISTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

Books, Cards and Handbills,

Will be executed on the shortest notice and on the lowest terms, with the newest and best of type, at the Office of the

Rural Repository,

No. 135 Corner of Warren and Third streets, Hudson.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N.Y. BY
WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

It is printed in the Quarto form, embellished with Engravings, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum, invariably in ADVANCE. Any person who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No Subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers. All Communications must be post paid.

POST-MASTERS generally will receive and forward subscriptions, free of expense, for this paper.